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## THE GROVES: God's First Temples.

There have been holy men, who hid themselves  
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave  
Their lives to thought, and prayer, till they outlived  
The generation, born with them, nor seemed  
Less aged, than the hoary trees, and rocks,  
Around them; and there have been holy men,  
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus  
But let me, often, to these solitudes  
Retire, and, in thy presence, reassure  
My feeble virtue. Here, its enemies,  
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps, shrink,  
And tremble, and are still.

O God! when thou  
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire  
The heavens, with falling thunderbolts, or fill,  
With all the waters of the firmament,  
The swift, dark whirlwind, that uproots the woods,  
And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,  
Uprises the great deep and throws himself  
Upon the continent, and overwhelms  
Its cities: — who forgets not, at the sight  
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power.  
His pride, and lays his strifes, and follies by!  
Oh! from the sterner aspects of thy face  
Spare me, and mine; nor let us need the wrath  
Of the mad, unchained elements, to teach  
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,  
In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,  
And to the beautiful order of thy works,  
Learn to conform the order of our lives!

Byrant.